

## Home Circle.

### IT'S NO BUSINESS OF MINE.

This was a favorite saying with young Myron Boyd.

He was a farmer's son. A tall handsome young fellow, honest in his dealings, in the ordinary sense of the word, enterprising, industrious and emphatically, as the country phrase goes, "smart to work." People respected Myron, that is to say, they rather looked up to him, because he was in a fair way to be rich, because he understood farming better than any other young man in the district, because he was capable and sensible, and yet he could not be called a favorite among young men of his own age.

Myron knew that he was not popular, and though he professed to care nothing for public opinion, nevertheless he would have liked to feel himself more welcome than he generally was in the society of his fellows.

Perhaps one secret of the lack of cordial feeling toward Myron was the consistent manner in which he acted up to his favorite saying: "It's no business of mine."

He not only never put himself out of the way to do a neighbor a service, but he never offered a kindness or lifted a hand to prevent any injury to another, even when it would have cost him no trouble whatever.

One day he was driving into the village with Alfred Brown, the minister's son, a boy some years younger than himself.

It was a very warm day, the road to the village was sandy and tiresome, and Alfred, who had been sent out to Mr. Boyd's on an errand, was not sorry that he was not obliged to walk back.

By-and-by they passed an old gray-haired colored man toiling along in the sun with a heavy bundle over his shoulder. The old man looked wistfully after the wagon, but he knew Myron Boyd too well to ask for a ride.

"Why don't you give old Uncle Jeff a lift?" asked the good-natured Alfred. "It's all a mile from here to his place."

"Oh, I'd have to stop to pick him up and set him down. I can't take in every one I see."

"But the poor old fellow looks so tired."

"Well, I can't help that," said Myron carelessly; "it's no business of mine."

Their way lay past Uncle Jeff's little place, and Alfred saw that there was no one at home, and that two or three cows, taking advantage of a weak place in the fence, had got into the corn patch and were making sad havoc.

"Oh, let's stop and drive those cows out," cried Alfred. "They'll ruin the old man's garden."

"He should have had his fence in better order, then," said Myron. "It's no business of mine."

"It's mine then, anyway," said Alfred, disgusted. "Let me out."

"I shan't stop for you to drive out the cows," said Myron, coolly, "it's no business of mine."

"Drive on then," said Alfred, as he jumped out of the wagon and ran after the cows.

Myron drove on and was soon out of sight, thinking to himself what a fool Alfred Brown was to lose his ride for the sake of old Uncle Jeff's garden, which was after all, no business of his.

It cost Alfred some time and trouble to drive out the cows and put the fence again so that they could not make their way back into the garden.

When this was finally accomplished he sat down on the doorstep to rest awhile, feeling very hot and tired and not a little provoked at Myron.

By-and-by Uncle Jeff came wearily home, and when he learned the story he was very thankful to Alfred and the boy did not regret what he had done, even though he had a long hot walk in the village.

Two or three days after Myron Boyd went past old Jeff's house with a heavy lumber wagon loaded with grain bags. He had not gone far when out came the linch-pin and down went the wagon. The horses were steady and did not run.

Myron was not hurt, and after ascertaining the cause of the accident went back to Uncle Jeff, who was peaceably smoking on his doorstep, to borrow a hammer.

"I seed dat linch-pin was a-comin' out when you passed," said Uncle Jeff coolly.

"You did!" said Myron, not unnaturally provoked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, honey," said Uncle Jeff with a sly little laugh, "I thought 'twasn't no business of mine."

Myron bit his lip.

"Have you a hammer you'll lend me?" he said.

"Well, I don't rightly know jes' where the hammer is," said Uncle Jeff, placidly, "and I'm mighty comfortable just now and don't want to go and look for it. 'Taint no business of mine."

Greatly provoked, Myron was turning away when Uncle Jeff called after him:

"You's welcome to the hammer or any thing else, honey," said he laughingly.

"Laws! I was only jes' seeing how curus

things is, but I guess you'll find out this rule of yours is one of the kind won't work both ways. Dis yere is a world full of folks and you can't live in it like there wasn't nobody but yourself, fix it how you will." And then Uncle Jeff went to help Myron with his wagon.

Myron did not want for sense, and Uncle Jeff's lesson made a strong impression on his mind. He used his favorite phrase less frequently and learned after awhile that duty was a word of far wider meaning than he had supposed, and that whatever his hand found to do for his neighbor, whether in the way of prevention or cure, was indeed the business of a man and a Christian.—*Exchange*.

### NEGLECT OF PRAYER.

Ah, brethren, how many departures from God ending in a total shipwreck of faith have begun in the secret chamber! In some sense they have all begun there. If only we could look into the inner records of some young man's life, who, trained in a Christian household, and himself seeming to have well begun, has yet after awhile forfeited the promise of his youth, gone forth, and forgotten the sanctities of home and the faith pledged not to God alone, but to father and mother and sister—still loved, and to be forever loved, but with a tearful, aching love, how unlike the proud love which regarded him once—could we look, I say, into that story, here, I am sure would be most often found the secret of all. He counted that he could do without that which the Saviour Himself would not do without, that he could live on his own resources, that he could lean upon his own strength. The hidden life of the soul—that life which is hidden with Christ in God—was neglected and thus whatever in him of good was once lost was lost forever. The first impulses to a holy life, to an earnest resisting of sin, being spent and exhausted, no other came in their room; little blemishes in the character, which might once have been easily removed, grew into huge faults; small sparks of temptation, which might have been trodden out at the first, grew into fierce flames, setting on fire the whole course of nature. And all this will have come to pass through neglect of secret communion with God, through suffering the life of prayer first to languish and then to die out in the soul.—*Trench*.

THE Christian life is a warfare; it is "the good fight" of faith, by which you "lay hold" of something which you do not by nature possess—eternal life. Follow your leader—follow Christ, and you need never fear nor fail.